

The Saturday Evening Post.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

NAPOLEON.

Darkness as of Hell's eternal depths,
O'er the land; and bondage vile as sin,
At its deep gloom o'er all the soil of France,
Where, where, the high-born, haughty souls,
Princes of a sceptered line had lived,
Stood the noble sons of chivalry;
Great—the good—the lofty—the proud in heart,
Stood they once, beneath the inspiring eye
Of stateliness, in halls of wrath,
With the dazzling glories of a throne,
High imperious aspect of the Gaul,
Veteran warrior of the southern Alps,
Daring arms of Italy and Spain;
Stood they once, the mingled brave of Earth,
In Norway, and the walls of Tripoli,
Where, they stood there once, and Heav'n's pure light,
Shed in mercy, and the golden hues
Universal love—back as it were,
Was the light—the widow's broken heart,
High years of woe and misery, had wept
Sad smiles, all her bitter wrongs.
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Where is the soul of man more proudly free?
And where on earth the land more blest than this?
'Tis true, the footsteps of no fabled god
Thy mountain-tops or forest wild hath trod;
Thy near thy fount, no Naiad's form is seen,
Nor oak-crown'd Dryad 'mid thy woodland green;
But yet, a wilder charm of interest dwells
Round those untroubled and romantic dells;
Where in the legend of thy desert sons,
Some tale of old and strange tradition runs;
And when those hunters pierce the forest gloom,
Where mouldering mounds their fathers' bones in-
hume.

While fancy sees that wild untutored band,
In reverence round those hallowed precincts stand,
Does not her power again to being start,
The scenes in which those sleepers bore a part?
Long ere their brethren of the pale brow
Had urged across the wave their venturesome prow;
When all was still, save when in fleet career,
The Indian hunter chased the flying deer;
Or, when some warrior chief's victorious yell,
Would o'er the echoing rocks in triumph swell,
Strange contrast! now the busy hum of men
Comes softer 'dwards thro' each lonely glen,
Where all, so late, in quiet solitude smiled,
A rich, untrodden, and unscathed wild,
Where herds of Buffaloes securely stray'd,
And 'mid the forest boughs the Panther play'd;
Now many a village stud the rising plain,
And summer breezes lead the yellow grain;
Science and art their mingled beams unite,
And knowledge pours on man her flood of light;
Bright deathless names, and glorious deeds, 'e'en now
Have gemm'd the circuit round thy youthful brow;
And brighter yet that stary wreath shall shine,
Until from shore to shore, from sea to sea,
The carols break not one rival meet for thee.

G. H. A.

INVITATION.

Come with me, love, when the day-light declines,
And we'll wander forth 'mid the silver pines;
And then, in the hush and the stillness of night,
I'll whisper thee, dear one, a tale of delight.

I'll tell thee of all the emotions that swell
My breast, where this love's for ever shall dwell;
Of smiles that uplift me, of frowns that depress me,
Of cold words that chill me, and kind ones that bless me.
I'll pour out before thee the depths of my soul,
Thou shalt see all the tides thro' my bosom that roll;
Each thought, each emotion I'll freely display,
And show thee, thou sweet one, how great is thy sway.

And thou shalt sit by me, and listen the while,
And when I have finished, reward with a smile;
And thy soft breathing voice shall creep out from its
cell,
In murmurs that soothe of displeasure shall tell.

Then come with me, love, when the day-light declines,
And we'll wander forth 'mid the silver pines;
And then, in the hush and the stillness of night,
I'll whisper thee, dear one, a tale of delight.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

UNCLE SAM'S.

Or, Reminiscences of the Back Woods.

To that period when emigration first began to
overstep the barrier presented by the Alleghenies,
and push its way into western Pennsylvania;
when the rude cabin of the hardy Pioneer was
here and there to be met with, and afforded the
only token of the presence of civilized man, and
all westward was one dark and impenetrable forest;
when the rifle of the hunter was his principal
dependence for a precarious support, and at the
same time his only protection against the de-
predations of the prowling savage; when the
pack horse and his solitary driver might be seen
wending their way along desolate paths, to pro-
cure from their more eastern neighbors such ne-
cessaries as were not to be obtained in the "back
woods;" when the few unprotected inhabitants
were almost daily alarmed by the reports of
havoc and death produced by some lurking party
of Indians, and for mutual protection were fre-
quently obliged to congregate in forts and block
houses; when the lurid glare of some blazing
cabin often dissipated the gloom, and the
frantic howl of the savage, exulting in the mis-
chief he had wrought, or perhaps the cries of
expiring victims broke the silence of the night.
—I would now invite the attention of the reader.
It is no ideal picture; for many are yet
living who can testify that, amid such scenes of
brutality, privation, danger and suffering, was
their country settled.

Yes, there were men who appeared to delight
in such scenes; with their favourite companion,
the rifle, they would roam for days and weeks
through the solitary forest, subsisting upon their
game, and seldom encountering a fellow being
except the Indian hunter. But the wild animals
of the forest were not the sole object of these
hunters; but often they were in pursuit of more
valuable game—the white man pursuing the red
man, and the red man the white man. Cooper's
admirable character, under the various titles of
Leather-Stocking, Hawk-eye, &c., is not merely
a creature of an inventive imagination; many
such were among the "Pioneers" of this coun-
try; and the principal subject of this memoir
was, in real life, in daring, prowess and sag-
acity, scarcely inferior to that singular and ad-
mired hero.

SAMUEL BRADY, or, as he was more familiar-
ly styled, "Uncle Sam," was a man of powerful
frame, hardy, sagacious, daring, and exceedingly
strong and active. The swiftest Indian could
not escape his pursuit, or overtake him when he
found it necessary to retreat—so wary, that the
utmost sagacity of the common enemy could
not take him by surprise, or escape his vigilance
when he would take a notion to harass them.
Often when the unsuspecting Indian was using
his native cunning to come up with the
equally unsuspecting deer, the keen eye and
sure aim of Brady would make them both his
victims.

Sometimes he would scour the country alone,
and watch the movements of the natives, to-
wards what he entertained a deep-rooted en-
mity, partly on account of their having previ-
ously murdered some of his relatives, and partly
because of their continual depredations upon his
neighbours. The very name of Brady was ter-
rible to them; and many were his "hair breadth
escapes" from capture, and consequently the
most terrible death that savage ingenuity and
malignity could inflict.

In one of these solitary rambles he suddenly
fell in with a party of warriors, who immediately
rushed towards him, sure of their prey. But
the extreme agility of the intrepid hunter soon
left all his pursuers behind, except one, who,
in advance of his comrades, was pressing
closely upon him with drawn tomahawk, ready
to strike the fatal blow. Brady held his foot-
steps close behind him, and deeming escape by
flight now out of the question, suddenly turned

upon, and grappled with his pursuer, and hurled
him to the ground. The suddenness of the ac-
tion disconcerted the savage; and Brady wrest-
ed the tomahawk from him, and buried it deep
in his brain. With the tomahawk in one hand
and his rifle in the other he again fled, and was
soon beyond the reach of his pursuers.

At other times he would have a small band of
volunteers with him, who always looked upon
him as their leader; and one trait of character
in Brady I have often heard, which was, when
in pursuit, he was always in front of his little
company, and when retreating, kept uniformly
in the rear. When any act of desperate valor,
or any matter that required superior sagacity
was found necessary, Brady was always the ac-
tor.

On one occasion a party of Indians had en-
camped somewhere near the Allegheny River,
from whence they frequently sallied forth for the
purpose of plundering, and committing depreda-
tions upon their white neighbors. Brady deter-
mined, if possible, to break up this nest, but as
their numbers were unknown, he considered it
imprudent to risk an attack upon the place until
this could be ascertained. To accomplish this
he resolved to disguise himself as a warrior be-
longing to some of the neighboring tribes, and
go to the encampment as a spy. Being well
acquainted with the dialect and customs of the
Indians, he was well qualified for the daring ex-
pedition.

Arriving at the village about sunset, he en-
tered it with all the apparent unconcern of a war-
rior—went from wigwam to wigwam, pretending
to negotiate for the sale of some sugar; at length
he found several warriors who had just returned
from a hunting expedition, eating pork, and also
a cunning looking old chief, who was sitting in
a corner smoking. Brady commenced his bar-
gaining about the sugar, and was not suspected
by any of the young warriors with whom he was
conversing, but he caught the sly and suspicious
eye of the old chief,—he became uneasy, and
with apparent carelessness moved towards the
door.

Presently he heard from the lips of the
old chief the terrible sentence, uttered in a low,
guttural, but portentous tone—"Me think one
Brady!" In a moment the tremendous war-
whoop echoed through the village, and Brady,
pursued by every Indian in the encampment,
was making his way to the utmost extent of his
powers towards the hill. By this time it was al-
most dark, and taking a winding path up the hill
he gained a little ground upon his pursuers; but
despairing of making his escape by wit and force,
he threw himself into the arms of a fallen tree,
and lay there in silence, while his pursuers, yell-
ing with fury and delight that they had at length
got their terrible enemy in their power, all passed
by him. The pursuit was kept up for a con-
siderable time with all the shout of infuriated and
blood-thirsty savages. But at last it was given
up in despair; and Brady, from his place of con-
cealment, heard his pursuers return, muttering
curse upon curse, and threats of vengeance.

When all was again quiet, he crept from
his covert, and, with swift and wary steps,
retraced his way to his concealed companions.
Having accomplished the object of his visit to
the village, though at such a fearful risk, and
believing that he and his party would be able to
conquer and drive off the savages, he deter-
mined to make a descent upon them. Waiting
quietly till the night was far advanced, they
proceeded cautiously towards the village, and
as a flash of lightning the unsuspecting sav-
ages were attacked, and before they could re-
cover from their panic the half of their warriors
lay stretched upon the earth; the remainder fled
with precipitation. The flaming wigwams lighted
the return of the daring little party. This
checked for a while the audacity of the Indians,
and the settlers had a temporary rest from their
depredations.

At another time, Brady and his party were
out upon a scout, and encountered a consid-
erable body of Indians. To have taken them
would have been madness, so that they only al-
ternative was to retreat. They were discover-
ed and pursued. Long and hot was the chase;
but the whites, aware of the terrible fate that
awaited them if taken, exerted all their powers,
and gained ground upon their pursuers. Think-
ing themselves out of reach, they remitted their
exertions—in a few minutes, however, the foot-
steps of the enemy broke upon their ears, and
they were again compelled to put forth all their
energies. Again they left the savages out of
hearing, and again they remitted their toils—
but they almost gave themselves up to despair
when the sound of their indefatigable pursuers
was again heard behind them. They were as-
tonished that they were able to follow so direct-
ly in their track; and Brady, thinking there
must be something to guide them, superior even
to their own sagacity, determined to star behind,
and, if possible, ascertain the cause. Directing
his men to pursue a certain course, he laid him-
self down behind a log to await the approach of
the savages. He soon discovered the secret—
The first object that struck his eye was a small
black dog, which followed the trail of the re-
treating party as he would a fox. Brady wait-
ed till the dog approached within a short dis-
tance, then shooting him dead, he sprang up,
and gained several hundred yards upon his
pursuers, and soon regained his exhausted companions.

The Indians, when they lost their guide, gave up
the pursuit, and our little party reached the set-
tlement in safety.

There are many men who, when surrounded
with all the pomp, parade and circumstance of
war, urged on by present glory and the hope of
posthumous fame, gain, and no doubt justly, the
name of hero; but how few are there whose
courage would not fail were they placed in
Brady's circumstances. Surrounded by lonely
and gloomy forests, without the usual spiri-
tizing accompaniments of war; frequently alone,
in constant danger of attack from some secret
and unseen foe. How few whose spirits would
not revolt at such solitary, gloomy and danger-
ous warfare! Yet our hero braved such scenes,
such hardships, such dangers. No historian has
recorded his name—no poet has sung his ex-
ploits; but they are preserved in the memories
of those who share in the dangers and difficul-
ties of those times; they are the subject of many
of the legendary tales of the country, and are
remembered with gratitude by many who were
protected by his prowess.

At length the thickening settlements of white
men pressed too closely upon the heels of the
retreating savage; and although he marked his
receding footsteps with the blood of many an
innocent victim, and the ashes of many a dwell-
ing, still he was compelled to retire further and
further into the great western forests, and his
place was occupied by his civilized conquerors.
Now they are far from us; the arts, pursuits,
and comforts of civilization flourish and abound,
where lately nothing existed but savage lusts
and savage men. "The sound of the church-
going bell" is heard where lately nought broke
the silence, save the shrill war-whoop of the

savage, the cries of expiring victims, or the
sharp crack of the rifle that told the death of
either man or beast.

Yet cruel and vindictive as were these In-
dians they were an injured and persecuted race.
Their ideas of revenge, however, were savage
and unjust. They waited their wrongs upon the
innocent, because they happened to be of the
same race with those who wronged them, and
consequently it became the duty of the settlers
to retaliate their attacks and drive them off.

When the country was relieved from this de-
structive plague, and peace and safety were
restored, Uncle Sam amused his declining days
in pursuing his favorite occupation of hunting—
He resided principally in Indiana county, where
he had a number of respectable connections,
though he found a home in almost every dwell-
ing. He lived to see temples of religion
and justice rise upon the theatre of his
toils and dangers. His aged heart was cheer-
ed to see the numerous abodes of peace, plenty,
comfort and happiness, and he was at length
gathered to his father's at a good old age.

THE DOG OF THE FOREST.

In the unhappy and too memorable winter of
1799, when the corn, the vine, and the olive,
were destroyed by severe cold in France, the
wolves made dreadful ravages in the fields, and
rushed with ferocity even upon man. One of
the most ravaging beasts, after having broken the
winds, entered a cottage in the forest of Ori-
en, near Angoulême. Two children, the one six
and the other eight years of age, were reposing
on the bed, in the absence of their mother, who
was gone in search of wood to kindle a fire.
Meeting with no resistance, the wolf leaped upon
the bed, and sought to destroy his delicate prey;
seized with a sudden fright, the two little boys
crept quickly under the covering, and held it
closely with their hands, a breathing time was
the flash that entered him, that not being able
to obtain it instantly, the murderous animal
became more furious, and began to destroy the
covering with his teeth. Trifling as was this
obstacle, it nevertheless preserved the lives of
these innocent children. A large faithful dog,
who had followed their mother, returned in
time to deliver them; he had sensed the track
of the wolf, and he had followed it from the
house, whither their mother was returning
slowly loaded with faggots; he ran with the
quickness of the stag—he entered like a lion,
and falling upon the animal, had endeavored to
secrete himself in an obscure corner, he
seized the wretch by the throat, and dragging
him to the door, strangled him instantly. The
alarm of the mother on her return, was indescrib-
able. She beheld the wolf stretched upon
the earth, the dog cowering with blood, her bed
in confusion, her children gone. Observing the
distress of his mistress, the dog ran towards
her with the most energetic solicitude, then
returning to the bed, he thrust his head repeat-
edly under the covering, and by the most ex-
pressive signs endeavored to intimate to her that
she should find there, that which she held most
dear. The mother approached, and extending
her trembling hand discovered that her children
were safe. The faithful animal, pleased in hav-
ing saved the lives of these little innocents, his
joy was equal to that of his mistress.

MATERNAL LOVE.

If there is one mortal feeling free from the
impurities of earthly frailty, that tells us in its
slightest breathings of its celestial origin, it is
that of a mother's love—a mother's chaste,
overwhelming, and everlasting love of her chil-
dren.

The name of a mother is our childhood's
talisman, our refuge and safeguard in all our
mimic miseries; it is the first self-sustaining
and the last refuge of the human mind; the first
that dawn upon the mind; the first, the fondest,
and the most lasting tie in which affection can
bind the heart of man.

It is not a feeling of yesterday or to-day; it is
from the beginning the same, and unchange-
able—it owes its being to this world, but is in-
dependent and self-existent, enduring while one
pulse of life animates the breast that feels it;
and there be no such thing as mortality which
survives the grave surely its best and noble pas-
sion will never perish.

Oh! it is a pure and holy emanation from hea-
ven's mercy, implanted in the breast of woman,
for the dearest and wisest purposes, to be at
once her trust and most sacred pleasure, and
the safety and blessing of her offspring.

'Tis not selfish passion, depending on its per-
manency on the reciprocation of its advantages;
but in its simplicity it casts off itself, and when
the welfare of that object is at stake, it putteth
away fear, and knoweth not weariness. It is
not excited by form nor feature; but rather by
a happy perversion of perception, imbued all
things with imaginary beauty. It watches over
our helpless infancy with the ceaseless benignity
of a guardian angel, anticipates every child-
ish wish, humours every childish fancy, and
that fond mother, who sings our sweet lullaby
to rest, and cradles us in our warm and throbb-
ing breast, and when pain and sickness press
upon the fragile form, what medicine is there
like a mother's kisses what healing pillow like
a mother's bosom?

And when launched upon the wide ocean of
a tempestuous world, what eye gazes on our ad-
venturous voyage with such anxious solicitude,
and what fond mother, who bids yet not un-
pleasant content of hopes and fears, and deep
anxieties?

When the rugged path of life has been brave-
ly, patiently, and nobly trodden—a when prosper-
ity has smiled upon us—when virtue has upheld
us amid the world's temptations—virtue which
she herself first planted in us—and when Fame
has borne her laurels round us, is there a heart
that throbs with a more lively or greater pleasure?

Yet it is not prosperity with her smiles and
beauty that tries the purity and fervor of a
mother's love, it is the dark and dreary pro-
ducts of adversity, and the cold frowns of an
unfeeling world, in poverty and despair, in sick-
ness and sorrow, that it shines with a bright-
ness beyond mortality, and stilling the secret
agonies of its own bosom, strives but to pour
balm and consolation on the wounded sufferer,
and the cup of misery, filled to overflowing,
serves but to bind them more firmly and dearly
to each other, as the storms of winter bid the
sheltering yew twine itself more closely round
the withering oak.

Absence cannot chill a mother's love, nor can
even vice itself destroy a mother's kindness—
The lowest degradation of human frailty can-
not wholly blot out the remembrance of the first
fond yearnings of our affection, or the faint
memorial of primal innocence; nay, it seems
as if the very consciousness of the abject state
of her erring child, more fully developed the
mighty force of that mysterious passion, which
can forget and forgive all things; and though
the youth of her farthest hopes may be as one
cast off from God and man, yet still she not

forgets him, but participate in all things, save
his wickedness!

I speak not of a mother's agonies, when
bending o'er the bed of death! nor of Rachel
weeping for her children, because they were
not!

The love of a father may be as deep and
sincere, yet it is calmer, and perhaps more
calculating, and more fully directed in the great
periods and ends of life; it cannot descend to
those minute affections, those watchful cares
for the minor comforts and gratifications of ex-
istence, which a mother, from the finer sen-
sibilities of her nature, can more readily ap-
preciate.

The pages of history abound with the records
of maternal love in every age and clime, and
every rank of life; but it is a lesson of never
ending presence which the heart can feel and
acknowledge, that needs not example to teach
how to venerate.

Can there be a being so vile and odious, an
enemy to nature's impulse, who in return for con-
stant care, such unvarying kindness, can will-
ingly, or heedlessly wound the heart that cher-
ished him; and forsake the lonely one who
nursed and sheltered him, who can madly sever
the sweetest bonds of human union, and bring
down the grey hairs of his parents with sorrow
to the grave, who can leave them in their old
age to solitude and poverty, while he wanders
in the pride of undeserved prosperity?

If there be, why let him abjure the name of
man, and herd with the beasts that perish, or
let him feel to distraction that worst of human
miseries.

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child."

From the Liverpool Advertiser.

SWINDLER EXTRAORDINARY.

About a fortnight ago a highly respectable
gentleman of this town was travelling in the
mail from London to Liverpool. Among the
passengers in the coach was a person fashion-
ably attired. He appeared to be about 30 years
of age; was in height 5 feet 7 or 8, middle size;
had large whiskers and mustaches; wore a light
blue coat, with gilt buttons, and brown cloth
trousers; and had a fashionable and military ap-
pearance. His dress, however, gave under the
description of "shabby genteel;" but, as he was
on a journey, this circumstance did not attract
much attention from his fellow-passengers. He
took a prominent part in the conversation which
arose during the journey, and which, like con-
versations in general, was extremely miscellane-
ous. He spoke with the air of a man of fashion,
and his manners were rather prepossessing. He
seemed, from his conversation, to be well ac-
quainted with the fashionable circles of the met-
ropolis, and spoke of his intimacy with my
Lord This and my Lady That. He pretended
to be acquainted with the sporting French papers,
and affected to know all the leading men of
the turf; and intimated, that he himself kept
some first-rate cattle. In the course of the con-
versation, he informed his fellow-passengers,
that he was an Irish peer, that his title was
Lord Clonbrock, and that he was on his journey
to visit his estate in Ireland, having ordered his
servants to join him, with his carriage and
horses, at Liverpool, where he expected to find
them on his arrival. Our fellow-passenger paid
his lordship marked attention, who was not
backward in improving his acquaintance with a
gentleman whom he had the penetration to dis-
cover was extremely wealthy, and an intimacy
with whom might be turned to good use in Liver-
pool. His lordship, conversing about the fa-
shionable circles of London, inquired who was
his companion's tailor. "Stultz," was the answer.
"Ah!—that fellow!" exclaimed Lord Clon-
brock. "He leads me such a life. No sooner
does he discover a new cut or a new shape, than
he runs after me, boring me to death with his
solicitations to favour him by condescending to
wear a suit for the purpose of giving the new
cut or the new style vogue in the fashionable
circles. The obsequiousness of the fellow is
extremely tiresome; he pesters me morning, noon,
and night, until I am sick of his eternal 'my
lord.' 'Don't follow me, I shall patronize the
fellow in future.' Our townsmen, quite taken
with the conversation and the manners of his
noble companion, invited his lordship to visit
him at his country house, situate a few miles
from Liverpool, if he should purpose making any
stay in the town. When the mail reached the
town, his lordship immediately inquired, whether
Lord Clonbrock's servants, horses, and car-
riage, had arrived. On learning that they had
not, he pretended to be in a violent rage, and
ventured his indignation against his servants for
their carelessness; observing that their negli-
gence had left him wholly without baggage—
His lordship took up his abode at the King's
Arms, in Castle street, having, before they parted,
received from his companion a renewed in-
vitation to visit him at his country-house.

The invitation was, we believe, accepted.
Lord Clonbrock did not follow his usual cus-
tom of dining with him at his seat, where he
was introduced, as the story goes, to a party
at the Irish peer, and, by his conversation and
his knowledge of fashionable matters, highly in-
tertwined the company. After staying a day or
two at the King's Arms, his lordship called at
an hotel situate in the higher part of the town,
and introduced himself to the innkeeper as a
friend of a gentleman whom he named. He in-
tended, he said, to take a bed there for the
night, and desired the innkeeper to send down to
the King's Arms and settle his bill. The latter
asked whether his lordship would give him the
money to pay the bill, or whether he should pay
it himself and charge the amount to his lord-
ship's account. His lordship said, that it was a
matter of little moment, but, putting his hand
into his pocket he gave the innkeeper three so-
vereigns, a sum sufficient to settle his lordship's
account with the King's Arms. He then in-
quired whether a certain gentleman had not
the stable boxes which he was desirous of
selling. The reply was, that they were not
there, but at Mr. Lucas's Repository, whether
the innkeeper, after vainly endeavoring to direct
his lordship to the place, offered to accompany
him. To the Repository they repaired, where
a horse belonging to the gentleman in question
was shown to his lordship, who expressed his
pleasure with its appearance, saying, that it
would just suit his weight, and that he should
buy it of his friend. He showed, whilst at the
Repository, his knowledge of the value of the
horse, and the innkeeper never dreamt that he was
acting the Coquette to my Lord Clonbrock,
though he did, we believe, think him a queer
fellow for a peer.

When quitting the Repository, and getting the
horse, a carriage in the yard attracted his
lordship's attention, and, on being told that it
had been seized for debt, he exclaimed against the
piggishness of persons submitting to have their
property seized by bailiffs; observing that he
should think nothing of beating off a dozen
such rascals. Before parting from the innkeep-
er, his lordship asked who was the most fa-
shionable tailor in Liverpool? He was told that
Mr. Richardson, in Lord street, was esteemed

one of the most fashionable tailors in town.
"Ah!" said Lord Clonbrock, "I have heard of
him. I'll call at his shop and order a new coat
for those—d—d servants of mine here, through
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